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Visions of Life.

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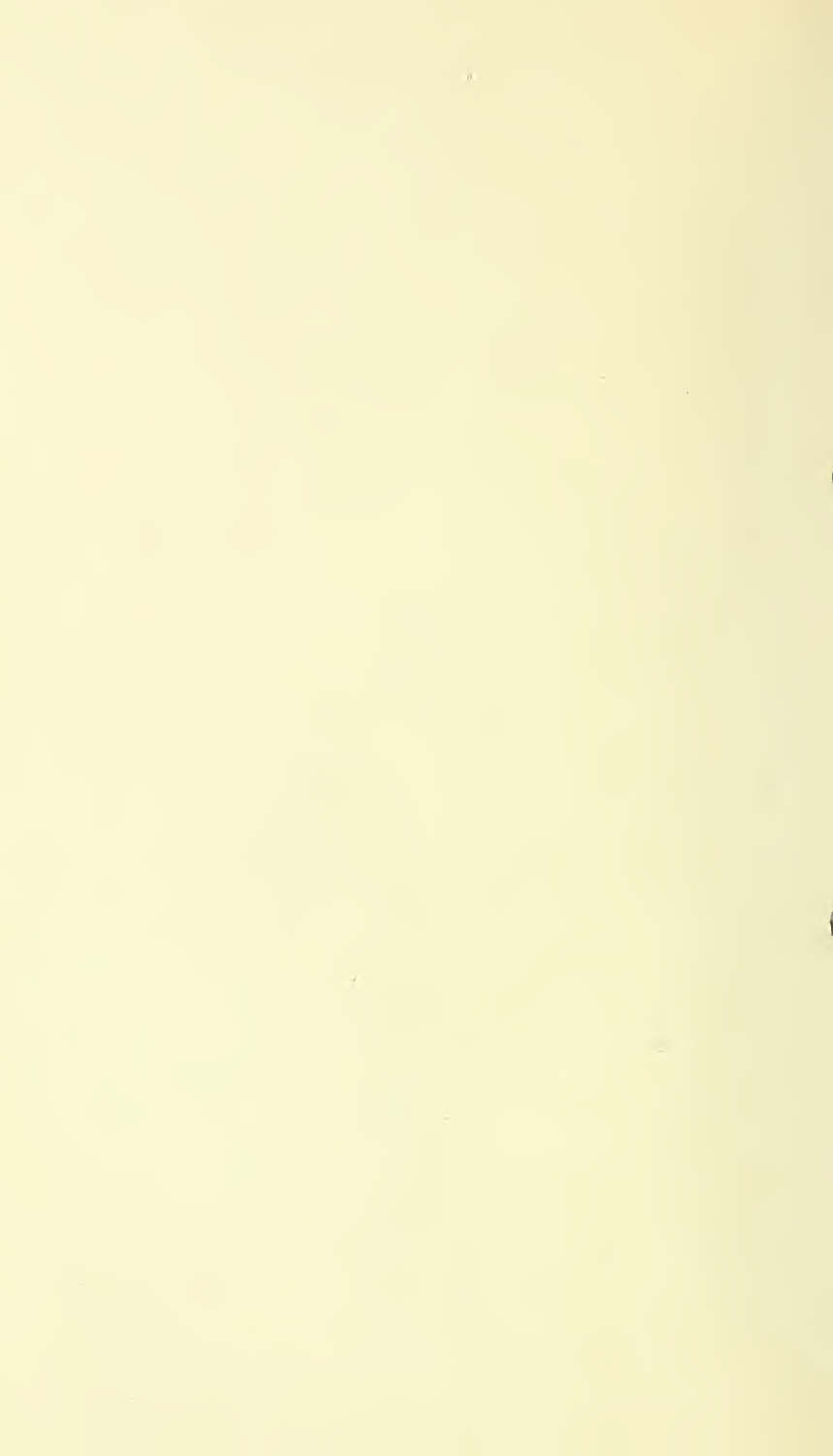


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VISIONS OF LIFE





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BY PIERCE EGAN

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Printed by
Loveland Reporter-Herald
Loveland, Colorado

811.53
E28
P744
1932

TO MY WIFE

God brought into this world a boy I know,
And planted song and story in his heart,
Then filled his younger days with trials and woe,
Amid the cruel city's teeming mart.
For he, who sings a song that cheers the world,
Must do it from a soul that's tasted pain—
Lest how is one to know when victory's hurled
The clouds aside, and sunshine comes again.

God knew this bard alone would never win,
Unless he made for him a counterpart;
He knows that boys so easily drift in sin,
Unless He touches deeply of their heart.
So He brought a little flower into this life,
With an angel tint of beauty on her cheek.
He knew when sorrow touched us in the strife,
An earthly guide from Heaven, we would seek.

And thus, throughout the struggles of the years,
The clouds hung low, the sun had gone away.
We saw a maiden brush away her tears,
And come to us when life had turned to gray.
She did not pause to see if we could give
To her the worldly goods her sisters had;
She knew that love, forever true, would live;
She heard the songs of life, forever glad.

She lifted us amid the realm of dreams,
And showed us all the beauty, and the charm,
There is for those who paddle down life streams,
She shielded us from every worldly harm.
She always believed that some day we would win,
And from this belief she never would deter.
If ever we do rise above the din,
We'll know that we owe everything to her.

COME, LITTLE LAD

Come, little lad with your eyes of blue
And sit on my knee a while
And I'll tell you a story old—yet new
Of a world with a tear and a smile
The flowers that bloom by the side of the road
Are made fresh by your mother's tears
Who builded your future in dreams and hope
In the trials of the bygone years.

She knows that the blossoms and songs of life
Are yours for the seeking—that's all,
Yet the blade of ambition and avarice knife
Cuts the buds till they tremble and fall
She has noticed the hearts with a craving for gold
Lose their lustre for things that are true
And she wants you to list to the story old
That your heart may be ever new.

When forward you go on life's broad field
Where the trails are oftentimes dim
The well worn highways most always yield
The dross of the life—the skim
So follow the track from the din and noise
From the money mad world of men
And open your heart to the gentler poise
'Mid the glow of God's kindlier glen.

There are flowers and birds on the byways lad
And maidens and songs of love
They are yours and their songs are always glad
If you'll place their rights above
The lure and lust for the trash called gold
And your mother knows how true
Are the joys and the thrills of the story old
When we keep it ever new.

SANTA AND THE STAR

This is a rhyme of the big north star,
That hangs in the Northern sky,
I wonder how many boys and girls,
Just know exactly why
This great big ball of fire hangs,
And casts its ruddy glow
Around the pole of the far, far north,
With its banks and banks of snow.

If you'll listen a minute, and just sit still,
And don't even wink an eye—
And don't tell Santa, that I told you—
I'll tell you the reason why.
There are hundreds, and hundreds of Brownie men,
So fat, and round and sleek,
And they work, in this land of eternal night,
By the day, the month and the week.

All muffled up in their furs they work,
Just making the dolls and toys
For Santa, to take out to the world,
For the little girls and boys.
They have, for their house, great banks of snow,
Without no roof at all;
And within this room, this great star shines
And lets its bright lights fall.

For good Old Santa steals away,
Where none from this world can seek
His toyland grand in this northern land,
And so little folks can't peek,
As he fills his pack and reindeer sled—
And the star looks on the while,
And casts its glow on the house of snow,
As he starts for home, with a smile.

THE WORLD IS GOOD

A poet wrote in the years long past,
Of the fellow who'd take his place,
When Gabriel blew his trumpet blast
And he'd finished his worldly race.
Sometimes in a dreamy mood,
I go back to things that were;
And figure that none will take my hood
In the course of a world transfer.

I've worn the armor in many a clime;
It has gone through many a fight,
And never yet have I seen the time
When it fit exactly right.
And yet, I love the dear old thing—
'Twas the only one I had;
It doesn't just exactly ring
All true, yet, 'taint all bad.

It seems as though some other chap
Would have an awful time
Wearing my frayed and frazzled cap
In any land or clime,
Because there's never two who think
Exactly just the same—
And my old garb's a missing link,
In the course of life's grim game.

Yet I wouldn't know just what to do,
If nature changed its plan,
And gave to me a mantle new,
For a different kind of man.
I'm absolutely satisfied
With this battered garb, I see—
And even though sometimes I've cried,
This world's been good to me.

THE HUMPTY MAN.

Did you hear the roaring, purring noise
Up in the sky last night;
Perhaps that you were fast asleep,
When that big plane hove in sight!
It looked just like a great big bird,
A floating through the air;
With its hundred lights a sparkling,
Throwing out their dazzling glare.

The funniest looking Humpty Man,
Was seated at the wheel,
As the great ship hovered o'er the town;
And it now and then would reel,
First up, then down, then roundabout,
As on, and on, it ran.
Two beady eyes looked down and smiled—
'This funny Humpty Man.

He didn't care if doors were shut,
Or curtains all pulled down—
He could see right into every house,
Of this great big, sleepy town.
He knew what every boy and girl
Was dreaming of last night;
And he figured out their Christmas toys
Before he skimmed from sight.

This funny, little Humpty Man,
He doesn't care a snitch
Whether the boys and girls are poor,
Or whether they are rich.
As long as their hearts are clean and bright,
He loves them all, because—
Riches doesn't count with him—
This kind old Santa Claus.

LITTLE BROWN EYES

It was only just a few short years ago
That I held you, "Little Brown Eyes," on my
knee!

Today, your cheek reflects the beauteous glow
Of womanhood, and yet, you know, to me
You're just the same sweet, happy, carefree child
You've grown in beauty, yet your heart's the
same,

As when you scampered gaily through the wild—
And you take me back to all these joys again.

I saw you grow, and ripen through the years,
And when the world had touched me with its woe,
I saw you try to hide the moistening tears,
And cheer me with your words, 'twas better so.
For, 'twas then I knew, that come what ever would,
No clouds could ever hide the light from me.
Your inspirations, harbinger of good,
Was all that mattered—all that I could see.

I almost slipped behind the maddening throng;
And once I almost lost the things in life;
And yet, you know, 'twas not for very long,
Because, above the maddening din and strife
Two deep brown eyes in silence, spoke to me,
And told me battle on and soothed my pain—
And now, that I have won, I still can see
The one who helped me up the hill again.

I see you, as you were just yesterday,
When happy childhood sang into your heart.
I see you, as you bloomed like flowers in May,
When girlhood first had claimed you as its part.
I see you, in the charm of woman-grown,
In all your beauty and those wonderous eyes—
I know who ever claims you as their own,
Will win the best in God's most kindly prize.

A LOVE SONG

When the Guardian Angel bent above your little
baby bed,

And the silver rays of moonbeam, shown within,
I wonder if she had in mind another curly head,
Of a lad who'd some day strive your love to win;
I wonder if the God above who made your wonder-
ous eyes,

Just made them as a counterpart for mine;
I wonder if he knew that I would win, this wonder-
ous prize,

And claim you as my little clinging vine.

I wonder if He made the birds to sing for you and
me;

I wonder are the stars for us alone,
The sparkling water of the brook, the dazzling waves
of sea,

The beauteous colors on the hill tops shown—
Did He have in mind your wondrous cheek when he
made the little rose;

Did He tint the ravin's plumage from your hair—
Does He know that you're far sweeter than any
flower that grows—

That of all life's beauty you're more passing
fair?

Does He know that when you're gone away for only
just a day,

The little birds don't warble half so sweet?

Does He know that life for me some how has faded
into gray—

That the tint has left the blossoms at my feet?

Does He know the murmur's left the rushing stream?

Does she know the sparkle's gone from out the
dew?

Does He know the moon don't cast its beauteous
beam,

Because, sweetheart, they're all a part of you.

A FAIRY TALE

Do you know what makes the river flow;
What makes the mountains grand;
What makes the pretty flowers grow,
And bloom throughout the land?
One time a little Fairy loved
A charming Princess girl;
He brought to her the jewels fair,
The diamond and the pearl.

And then, there came a Fairy bad,
As sometimes you will see,
And stole the little girl away
To the land of Used to Be.
The little Princess cried and cried,
Throughout the night and day,
And her tears just made the river's tide,
That started on its way.

It trickled onward, thru the world,
To make its river bed,
And everywhere it moved and curled,
A blossom raised its head,
And smiled to cheer this little girl,
And rest her tired eyes,
And then the sun just cast its glow
And kissed them from the skies.

And then the kind old Fairy king,
Who lives up in the sky,
Just whispered to the Princess fair,
And told her not to cry;
But asked her just to run away,
Across the open land—
Then he gave the world an awful shake—
And made the mountains grand.

It popped the bad old Fairy Prince,
Clean to the Mountain crest,
And you can hear and see him yet,
When clouds are in the West.
He roars and thunders, in his rage,
And flashes lights about,
And though he's getting gray with age,
You still can hear him shout.

A little Water Lily fair,
Blew on the river tide,
And asked the pretty Fairy Queen
To come and have a ride.
So she sailed, and sailed, and sailed away
Into her land of dreams—
And she's the one that makes for us
The little starlight beams.



HOME, SWEET HOME

I know a place I call fairy glen,
In the heart of a busy town,
In the midst of the mart and hustle of men,
Is a cottage trimmed in brown.
It stands by the side of a noisy street
'Neath the shade of an old Elm tree;
It smiles on me with a friendly greet,
For it's home, sweet home to me.

The building is sort of worn and old,
And has stood the test of years;
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
It has known our smiles and tears.
It is mindful still of the years ago,
When two little baby eyes
Looked sweetly up thru the firelight glow,
To the face of God's kindest prize.

And often we think as we sit again,
Just mother and I alone,
Of the earlier days in this fairy glen,
In the years already flown.
And we see again a baby smile,
As we dream of two feet that stray
And we know that life's been well worth while,
In a love that abides always.

No wonder we love this old fashioned home,
In this little old fashioned street,
For we know that the day will surely come
When the prattle of baby feet
Will resound again on the well worn floor,
Although with a noisier strain,
As our baby boy comes through the door,
Of his boyhood home again.

No wonder we love the old fashioned town.
That shelters an old fashioned pair;
No wonder we love the cottage brown,
With the ivy clinging there;
For it's here that our dreams were given birth,
Along with two baby eyes;
'Tis here we build'd the treasure of earth,
Where the incense of memories arise.

A LITTLE LADY

The Master spread His robes of plush
Beneath the tinted sky—
The flowers smiled their last faint blush,
As autumn drifted by.

The fairies danced beneath the moon
To salvage nature's song,
And bear the rarest gifts that bloom
To the land where they belong.

To the land where frosty winter's tongue
Ne'er touch the flowers that grow—
To the land where hearts are ever young,
Caressed with springtime's glow.

They gathered buds of every hue,
'Mid the chant of love's sweet tune
To place them at the feet anew
Of love, where angels croon.

But the fairy wind paused in its task
As it saw two wonderous eyes—
And could not take the flowers that bask
For God's more charming prize.

So it gently covered o'er with leaves,
That springtime's smile may seek
The rose, which nature kindly weaves
To match your beauteous cheek.

BUNDLE OF SUNSHINE

(The following poem was written after a little girl called on the author for some of his poems for her sick mother to read. Although living in the most dire poverty, this little girl's heart was full of song.)

Here's to you little Tootsie,
With your ragged little load,
The world has sort of knifed you
On the first mile of your road.
You're a little bird of paradise
Without no fancy plume,
But you'll get there in the finish,
With your merry little tune.
This world is full of sympathy,
And yet, we know it's tough
To be clean, plum out of berries,
When the storm is blowin' rough,
But your little song of gladness,
Kind of sort of made us know
The path will get some brighter
The farther up you go.

'Tis hard to see your playmates,
With most everything worth while,
When fate has kind of trimmed you
On that first long, weary mile;
But we've had the same sensation,
And we know you can't go wrong,
When your soul is full of gladness,
And your heart is full of song.
So here's to you, little Tootsie,
And your ragged little coat;
There's others who have **riches**,
But they cannot sing a note.
And those who reach the zenith,
You'll notice all the while,
Are the ragged little urchins,
With the sunny little smile.

SUCCESS

When a man has reached his forties,
And his hair is turning gray,
And he's bumped along the turnpike
In a rough and tumble way,
It's kind of nice to dream about
The days of long ago
And to weigh your own achievements
With the guy that has the dough.

Yes, it's kind of nice to dream about,
If you've made your dreams come true,
And money doesn't matter
If you're skies are always blue—
If the little girl who knew you
In the days of long ago,
Can smile the same sweet, winning smile—
And years ain't dimmed its glow.

You may not own no railroads,
And you may not own no banks,
But you've traveled with the army
And you haven't broken ranks,
And you've kept right on a smiling,
And a-spreading miles of cheer,
And you've helped to make things brighter
For the guy that's dropped a tear.

Sometimes you might have skidded
On the slippery, sideling trail,
But you kept the old car steady
On the road of "Must Not Fail."
And you've sort of kept your promise
To the girl you used to know,
When she was only sweet sixteen,
And you her bashful beau.

KILLARNEY

(Dedicated to my mother.)

There's a smile on the lakes of Killarney;
There's joy in the dream of that land;
There was pride in her wee bit of blarney,
And a thrill in the touch of her hand.
It is years since she told me the story,
Of the Fairies that danced by the rill.
It is years since she pictured the glory
Of the Shamrock that grows on the hill.

Each spring, as the flowers are blooming
In Columbia, the land of the free,
And nature has finished its grooming
Of the blossoms that's growing for me;
I gather the choicest of flowers,
With a memory that ever is keen;
Then I twine 'round their beauteous bowers,
A wee sprig of Old Irish green.

And I send to a friend, in the city
Where the Statue of Liberty stands,
With a verse of an old Irish ditty;
And I ask that these kind, loving hands
Just place, as a fond memory token
These buds on the crest of a stone—
And she knows, though a word is ne'er spoken,
That her boy has not left her alone.

I was born in this land of glory
Which I love with devotion untold—
Yet, I dream of the land of story
Where the Fairies danced of old.
And whether its struggle of years was right,
Is not for me to say
Or whether the victory won in the fight,
Will crown its shield away.

But there's one thing sure that comes to me,
It was bred in my smiles and tears;
That over that land across the sea,
Through the long, long, weary years
There has hovered the form of an angel sweet,
In the blue of that Island air,
And guided aright my truant feet—
For my mother came from there.

THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Seek beauty, said the mother rose
To its little daughter fair.
Give service said the tulip, sweet,
As it bloomed in summer air,
Knowledge, wide, you must pursue,
Said Mother Dandelion.
Be trusty, girl, I say to you,
Said charming Columbine.
Hold on to health, quote Lily's glow,
That your work be glorified.
Be happy, spoke the river's flow,
That skirts the mountain's side.

The lilting laughter of the wind
Spake to these mother flowers,
And said: My soft caress will send
The little freshening showers
To keep the glow upon the cheek
Of nature's fairest bloom—
But know you not, that others seek
A place within your room
Your Guardian Angel knows how true,
Within your petal curls,
There's room for little humans too—
So hail the Camp Fire Girls!

THE SUNSHINE MAN

There, little Cherub, sit on my knee,
And close your pretty eyes,
And I'll tell of a fairy good to me,
Who lives up in the skies—
His face is round, and plump, the while,
And his children ran and ran,
Around this world with a cheery smile—
He's called the Sunshine Man

His children are little sunbeams,
And into your room they creep,
And watch you, in your morning dreams,
When you are fast asleep.
And in the middle of the night,
When crickets sing their tune,
He hides his little beams from sight,
And sends the great big moon.

His Fairies guard your little bed,
Where fast asleep you're curled;
While this smiling, Sunshine Man has sped
To another great big world;
And sings to other boys and girls,
His happy, cheery strain—
Then all at once, he turns and whirls
Right back to you again.

Sometimes when we are naughty,
And quarrel when at play,
He brings his clouds, so haughty,
And his smile just goes away.
He roars and thunders in the sky,
And sends his great big showers—
And this Sunshine Man, he'll cry and cry,
For this great big world of ours.

And when he sees us smile again,
He makes his blossoms grow.
And the tears, and tears, he shed in pain,
Just make the rivers flow.
He's always happy when we smile,
And he'll help us all he can,
If we are cheerful all the while—
This great big Sunshine Man.

THE FLAPPER SHOW

She has the cutest little ringlets
On her pretty little head,
Just trimmed, and frizzed, in Flapper style;
At least, that's what is said.
She's known from Main to Mexico,
And she came in one short day—
She's the charming Yankee Flapper
Of the Good Old U. S. A.

You may criticise her manners,
You may criticise her dress,
But I'll bet my last red penny,
And I'll hazard one big guess,
That you wouldn't care to trade her
And her beaming, smiling way,
For a foreign grown lassie,
Outside the U. S. A.

It's hard to be a girlie,
No matter what you wear,
For wagging tongues will gossip,
And staring eyes will stare;
But, listen, little maiden,
No matter what they say,
We're for the Yankee Flapper,
Of the Good Old U. S. A.

THE PASSING YEARS

I'm dreaming tonight of our yesterdays,
When the skies were always blue,
And the flowers that grew by the side of the road
Just blossomed for me and for you;
And I wonder if ever your thoughts go back
To that little country school,
When I shouldered the blame for a little girl
Who fractured the master's rule.

It is years ago since that winter's sun
Cast its rays on the banks of snow,
When we scampered out of that dingy room,
As the time had come to go.
But the passing years have not dimmed my sight
Of a maiden with eyes of blue,
Who waited behind the throng that night,
To say that she loved me true.

I know of a man who was beaten and whipped,
In the battles of after years,
And I know of a maiden who tasted life's joy.
With none of its sorrow or tears;
But I wonder if e'er in the midst of her dreams,
She goes back to that wonderful day—
Does she know that the laddie who shielded her then
Would act as her guardian away?

They say that the love of a lad for a maid
Is only the dream of youth,
And will pass on the wings of the fleeting years,
And yet the eternal truth
That was placed in the heart of a man I know
Has lived through the smiles and tears,
And has lightened his burdens throughout the strife
And the flight of the passing years.

MY BOY

(Dedicated to my two sons, Donald and Lyle.)

He's growing tall, and lanky and uncouth,
He does not always wash his neck and ears;
He's stepping out from babyhood to youth;
And I sort of wonder 'bout the coming years.
He rouses all the neighbors with his noise,
And seems to put a damper on their joy;
They think he's worse than all the other kids—
But I know different, 'cause he's just my boy.

His voice is changing and his weird chants
Most drive his ma and me to grim despair;
He looks so gawky like in knicker pants,
And skinny when he plasters down his hair.
Some times I wish that he was grown up;
Then, when I see a little baby boy,
When all is still and he is sound asleep.
I pray to God to spare my noisy boy.

I sometimes shudder when I know the game
Of life this boy will yet be forced to learn.
Then, when I wish that he had won the fight,
My aching heart begins to yearn and yearn,
And takes me back to just a few short years.
When I watched the angel face and radiant joy
Of little mother as she stroked the head
And crooned to sleep my little prattling boy.

I want so much to have him grow and win
The fame I know will surely be his aim,
But when I know how lonely we will be
When he has gone to build his house of fame.
I take his little mother's hand in mine
And try to tell her of the pride and joy;
I see the little moistening teardrop start—
She knows how much we'll miss our noisy boy.

TWO BOBS

(Respectfully inscribed to Bob Etter and Bob Ball
Publishers of the Loveland Reporter-Herald, who
made possible the publication of this book.)

There's a fellow they call Bob Etter,
Another they call Bob Ball,
I know of two no better
When I start the roll to call.
You know its easy enough to sail
When you've climed, up to the top
But, these two boys just push the guy,
Who seems inclined to stop.

Whenever you are downhearted,
And feeling kind of blue—
It's kind of nice to have some friends
Who'll tell you honest, true
To keep right on a climbing,
And throw dull care away,
It fashions all your rhyming,
And gives you pep to stay.

In fact, you ne'er would see these rhymes
Reflected in this book,
If it hadn't been, that lots of times
When Old Man Gloom had took
Complete possession, of my soul
They both, were at their jobs
Just shoveling in some sunshine toll—
My trusty friends—two Bobs.



COLORADO WINTER

When the winter time hits Colorado,
And the moon sort of drifts o'er the hills,
And the brisk winter's night, with its dazzling light,
Casts its spell o'er the mountains and rills—
It is then that this life is the sweetest,
As the glaciers form on the crest.
It is then that all nature is neatest,
In this moody big land of the west.

For the high mountain air is more bracing,
And the world seems to rest for a spell—
Yet nature forever is tracing
It's tints on the peaks and the dell;
And the river just pauses a second,
At least, to the eyes it seems,
But the ice man has only reckoned
With the crest of the mighty streams.

The stream will forever thunder,
In spite of the crystal glow,
Tearing the stillness asunder
On its way to the vale below.
To us, who have known the singing
Of the charming springtime call,
Comes the spell of the frost spirit ringing—
Comes a dream that surpasses all

The mountains are moody, just like men,
Who dream in the spring of life,
Of budding flowers along the glen,
When the air with youth is rife
But the sweetest of dreams just come to those,
Who like mighty mountains stand—
And cast their charm in spite of woes,
On the brink of the Promised Land.

MY DAD

There's a fellow that has the hul world beat,
And he's never grouchy or blue;
That is, when us kids are hanging 'round.
But I'll tell you honest true,
He sometimes talks so serious like
And in whispering tones to ma,
I can see that they're worried a little bit,
But they think I never saw.
It's my dad!

There's a fellow who works the hul day through,
And he never seems to care
So much fer the things he has to eat
Or the clothes he has to wear,
So long as us kids are all rigged out,
And he seems to have such fun
When I'm all fixed up in my brand new suit;
And he says: "Ma, that's my son!"
It's my dad!

There's a fellow who almost eats you up,
And says that you'll sure go bad;
He never did such a thing as that,
And I'm sure he never had,
When he was a boy, yet he sometimes forgets.
And he tells of some terrible prank
'Till ma looks across awarning like,
Then he pulls up with a yank.
It's my dad!

There's a fellow who never cries at all,
And he says men never do;
And yet one time my ma was sick,
And so was Sister Sue;
He swallowed hard and do you know,
Two great big tears they slid

Clear down his cheeks, I saw it, too;
But he don't think I did.
It's my dad!

There's a fellow you never read about,
In poetry or in song;
Dad says a man don't have no time
For love as he works along.
He says it's only for foolish folks,
Without no aim or draw
In life. He likes it though; and besides, he cheats,
'Cause I saw him kissing ma.
It's my dad!

MY WEALTH

There's something in this world of ours,
That money cannot buy.
You cannot buy the sunlight and the flowers
That shine and grow within the grassy dell—
You cannot buy the lights that glow upon the
hill that towers
Above the rushing streams, e'er twilight's fell.
You cannot buy the happiness of boys and girls in
June,
When all the world is wrapped in romance spell;
You cannot buy the silver beams that glitter from
the moon,
And add their kindly light to youth and love.
Your worldly wealth all fades, alas, too soon,
When placed beside a greater thing—called love.
You cannot buy the happy songs of children as they
play.
You cannot buy the love and tender smile,
Of she who walked with you that golden day—
And God has given to man no greater prize,
A tribute sweet for which no gold can pay—
Than the love and dream in happy girlhood eyes.

WHERE BEAUTY DWELLS

Bob Service wrote of the great outdoors,
And a stillness that thrills and thrills,
And Poe of the sea, where the great surf roars,
And the kingdom that Annabel fills.
Lord Byron sighed for his native land
When the hour had come to leave,
And Tom Moore told of his island grand,
And its sorrow that made him grieve.

Kipling still loves his Burma girl,
And her little cap of green.
And Foley writes of the stately whirl
Of the grain and Dakota's sheen;
Riley told of the Hoosier state,
And he sang of the children's play;
And all of them dreamed of their home land great,
That fashioned their glorious day.

So I'll sing you a song of a land I know,
With its valleys and canons deep,
And myriad mountains capped with snow,
Where the roaring cataracts leap;
The sun looks down with a friendly smile
On the Rockies great divide,
While a radiance glittering all the while,
Drapes over the mountain's side.

The flowers just sweetly droop their heads
'Neath the spell of the moonlight glow,
As the winds touch softly their mountain beds,
While the river sings below.
I can sing of your beauty in starlit night;
I can sing of your charms by day;
I can tell of your moody peaks of might,
Where nature seems to play.

If ever I wander on again,
And bask 'neath other skies,
I'll sing of Colorado's plain,
Where its mountain peaks arise;
And I know as I write this little song,
And fashion its homely air,
I'll dream again as I drift along,
Of a flower that's blooming there.

I LOVE YOU!

When the stars seem to fade from the Heavens,
And the dreamy old moon slinks from sight;
When fate has the cards stacked against you,
And you're beaten and bruised in the fight—
It is then that a smile is the sweetest;
It is then a caress is more true;
When eyes with a tender meaning,
Just say that I love you.

When once more you have put on the armor,
And entered the fight with a will,
And you feel that you're almost wavering
As you start up the long, weary hill;
It isn't just what she says that counts,
Or the things that she helps you do;
It's those eyes with a tender meaning,
That say that I love you.

And then when you've reached the mighty peak,
And stand on the top of the world,
And those who have fought you change their course
When the smoke of victory's curled—
Pray don't forget in the flattering throng—
And exchange the old for new;
Just remember the eyes with the tender smile—
That say that I love you.

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

Somebody said when things go wrong
 "It isn't the town, it's you!"
He had the key that unlocks the door
 To the treasure stores, it's true.
We cannot all be business men,
 Nor bankers, or yet, clerks.
This world has room for everyone,
 Who shucks his coat and works.

The banker has his niche to fill,
 And you'll find he treats you right,
If you'll buckle on your armor,
 And show you're in the fight.
The grocer has the self-same views,
 About this life, as you;
He works and worries just the same,
 And has his hardships, too.

The clothier, with his stock of goods,
 Just fits you out in style,
But he has your self-same troubles,
 Behind his friendly smile.
The dentist hurts you, did you say?
 Of course, it makes you sore,
But if it wasn't for this dentist boy,
 Your tooth would hurt you more.

The doctor is a happy man,
 With whom sorrow will not mix;
He rolls from bed at any hour,
 To treat you when you're sick.
His day book's always plastered up,
 With names, like yours and mine;
Sometimes he doesn't get his pay,
 From thee, and also thine.

The lumber man just figures bills—
That's what some people say.
And yet, you know, it's awful nice,
On a cold and stormy day,
When he's wondering 'bout that note of yours,
And the interest he's not seen—
To sit beside your own home fire,
As the wind is blowing mean.

We laboring men are out of luck;
We have to work like sin.
And sometimes we feel sort of blue,
When we're trying hard to win.
But in these stirring times of ours,
Remember this, by heck!
Our boss is also sweating,
To meet our weekly check.

The world could never do without
The man behind the plow,
The butcher or the restaurant man,
Who hashes up the chow.
In fact, it couldn't get along,
Without a chap like me,
And you, and all the other folks—
With me you must agree.

So let's not knock the work of those,
Who join the Rotary club,
The Lions, or the Civic men;
They form a mighty hub
For this world's wheel of progress.
Let's boost instead of slam—
There's nothing wrong with this old world—
And I'm glad I'm what I am.

ARMISTICE THOUGHTS

On Flanders' field where poppies blow,
In the land that seems only a dream,
I see again by the crosses row
The quiet starlight gleam
And I think of the boys, in their lonely grave,
A price of their country's call,
Far, far from the land they died to save—
Where strangers weaved their pall.

And I wonder, if e'er, in the other world,
They look down on this land of ours,
And guard us again, when storm cloud's whirled
Their threats, in the darkening showers?
Do they know we are trying to follow the plan
They gave their all to launch?
Do they know we are battling all we can,
With a courage true and staunch?

I pledge again, as I stand today,
To keep faith with those who died,
A priceless tribute which each did pay
For honor, and country's pride.
I'll honor the flag, beneath whose folds
They charged 'mid the shot and shell—
I'll honor their name in the years untold,
And the spot where my Buddy fell.

Thy country is mine—Oh, sacred dead,
And I'll guard it through years to be,
I pledge myself that the blood you shed
In that land beyond the sea
Has not been spilled for a traitor's heart,
And I know you'll look down and smile—
When you know that your Buddy will do his part—
To the last long, weary mile.

ODE TO THE THOMPSON

Flow onward mighty river
In your progress toward the sea
As you pause for just a moment,
To sing your song to me
With a touch of human sadness
'Till you tell the story old
Of love that is eternal
In your mountains tinged with gold.

I see in your rippling waters
A face that I loved long ago
And it comes again, far from the din
Of the city's mockery glow.
A face that knows the longings
That lingers 'round my heart
And I see in her eyes of sadness
The tears of memory start.

But the world has strewn our pathway
With fires of hope that burn
Into the soul of the future,
Into the hearts that yearn!
And I know as you thunder onward
Singing a song that cheers
That the law of compensation
Will pay through the coming years.

And I know that the face reflected
In your waters, dazzling white
Will raise the veil of darkness
With love's eternal light.
New life, new hope is wafted
On the crest of your mighty stream,
And I know that some day, some how,
I'll realize my dream.

MOUNTAIN DREAMS

Gaunt old mountains, loafing 'round,
Sticking up their lofty peaks;
Moody, dreamy, like they stand,
Towering o'er the winding creeks.
When the day is almost gone,
And I sit, and sort of dream,
Silence is so dreadful like,
I can almost hear it scream.

But I like to be alone,
When the moonbeams send their slants;
Making million spooky lights
'Cross the landscape's vast expanse.
For, 'tis then, I sit and dream
Of a face I used to know,
In the days when I was young—
In the dreamy, long ago.

And the silence of those hills,
Sort of tempers with my heart,
And the slanting, dancing beams,
Where the hills and river part,
Takes me back to other nights,
When another moonbeam left—
Sort of drifted from my heart,
Leaving me alone—bereft.

Kind of queer, in after years,
When you've bucked this game and strife,
How you like to sit alone—
Dreaming of your boyhood life.
Gaunt old mountains, you're my pal;
Dancing moonbeams, you just spur,
As you play upon the river,
Memories dear, and dreams of her.

I WONDER!

There are mountains that stand sublimely grand,
There's a silvery river that flows
There's a land that haunts me in my dreams,
There's a longing that grows and grows.
I dream of the day when I'll square accounts,
And make fate bend its knee;
And I'll stand again by the river bend
While it sings its song to me.

I will hark to the story it used to tell,
Of a world that ne'er maims or kills,
Where love and faith are the guide for men
'Neath the shade of the mighty hills
Where the moody old mountains in silence stand,
While the sun, the stars and the moon,
Add millions of sparkling, colorful lights,
To the charm of the river's croon.

Farewell, Old Broadway, and all your glow,
Farewell to the restless throng;
After a fashion, you've treated me right,
You have served me faithful and long
You have fed and clothed me and given me work;
I have danced to your maddening joy,
But I long again for the river's bend,
With the carefree heart of a boy.

As I pack my grip and prepare to start
For this old time fairy land,
I wonder if things are just the same
Where the mighty mountains stand.
I wonder if dreams will be as true
By the river's silvery flow,
When I know the maiden who spurred them on
Has been lost to me years ago.

A BRAINSTORM

Last night as I sat dreaming,
The smoke from the old pipe curled;
My star of hope was beaming,
By the plaudits of the world.
I saw the hand of the future write
In letters of gold, my name,
Which I saw, thru the hazy dream last night,
Inscribed in the Hall of Fame.

And I wondered what Jane, of the "Golden Gate,
Would say when she heard the news;
Or dark-eyed Betty of old Salt Lake,
Who cured me of many blues.
Would charming Nora, of Old New York
Just say that "I told you so?"
Would Vera of "Chi" with tresses dark,
Rejoice, as I upward go?

Then over again, at fair Spokane,
And down by Los Angeles' tide,
I wondered what Susie or blue-eyed Nan,
Would think of my skyward glide.
Then my thoughts flew back to the Gopher state,
Gyrating across the world,
To St. Paul town and smiling Kate,
As the smoke from the old pipe curled.

Then backward across the open plain
Of Dakota's fields of wheat,
I see the smile of Ruth again,
Where the spires of Fargo greet
The West-bound traveler on his way,
Where millions of lights still shoot
Their glow on the hills, both night and day,
Where Eileen reigns in Butte.

I smiled as I dreamt of the worlds of cheer,
From the corners of the earth—
I smiled as I dreamed of my yester-year,
With its touch of sorrow and mirth
I dreamed of my travels from East to West,
From the North to the sunny South,
When life was young—but not at best—
Then my blooming pipe went out.

I felt in my pocket, to get a match,
And then my fingers clutched
A little token, on memory's patch,
That deeply my heart had touched.
It was then I knew of my little care,
For the glitter and praise of the world,
As the little red ribbon she wore in her hair,
The incense of memory whirled.

For the only dream in the years gone by,
Or still in the years to come—
That's worth our while, is the glances shy
Of the maiden who builded our home.
The bloom is as fair in her cheek today,
As it was in the days of yore.
She will shine in my memory, bright alway,
Until time shall be no more.



LITTLE BRIGHTYES

(Dedicated to my little daughter, Eileen.)

Little Brighteyes, I don't hardly know
What there is about you that I see
That makes my heart beat just a little faster,
And makes me know you're all the world to me.
You're just a little mite of baby sunshine,
Yet when I wander homeward every night,
My steps are just a trifle slow and weary,
Until my little pal hoves into sight.

She does not always let me read my paper,
When I'm just craving for the evening news;
She asks me forty-seven kinds of questions;
She's the surest cure I know for business blues.
She almost drives her mother into spasms,
When she insists on washing every dish;
And as a vent for her pent-up emotions,
Ma says when she grows up, she'll have her wish.

And then, a little later, when the fairy
Has used her magic wand in baby land,
It gets so still and lonely like about us,
As mother stoops to kiss a tiny hand.
'Tis then we sort of realize that Heaven
Has given us a bond, both staunch and true,
That nothing on this earth can ever sever—
And little Brighteyes, sure enough, 'tis you.

THE G. A. R. OF LOVELAND

The stars and the stripes in Old Glory
Were waving triumphant today,
Far, far, from the field dark and gory,
Far, far from the battle's array.
Beneath the old pennant, they cherished,
Beneath the old flag, that they saved,
Marched the veterans, whose ideals ne'er perished,
Since they fought, where the old emblem waved.

And we thought, as we saw them bending,
The veterans of Sixty-one,
'Neath the weight of the years all-ending,
With their deeds so nobly done,
How we praise the work, of the younger men,
Who carry the torch today,
And almost forget the noisy din
Of the years so far away.

Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,
Your glory we owe to these boys,
Whose love and untiring devotion
In the face of the battle's noise,
Way back in the years of long ago,
Said, yes, to their country's call,
And builded a freedom with victory's glow—
Where God rules over all.

Here's to you, boys, with the silvered hair,
And the flag you fought to save;
You gave to God your kindly share,
When you freed the weeping slave.
You gave to me, and to those to come,
To the world, a kindlier glow—
We'll miss you, boys, in the passing years,
When the time has come to go.

COLORADO'S COLUMBINE

(Our State Flower)

There's a flower grows where the night wind blows,
On the crest, at the top of the world,
In crevice and glen, from the haunts of men,
Where the god of nature's hurled
The rock and the earth in crazy slants,
Just to catch the clinging vine
On the colorful slopes of this vast expanse—
Colorado's own Columbine.

It grows in the glen, by the side of the trail,
A feast for the travelers' eyes,
And it lends its glow to the clouds that sail,
A caress to our western skies.
It has placed its brand on our state house grand,
And it gives to the world a sign—
Just a hint of the beauty of nature's land—
Colorado's own Columbine.

The tint of this flower just seems to blend
With the land of this great outdoors,
And color lend to the river's bend,
Above where the cataract roars.
No matter where wandering feet may stray,
'Round the heart will always twine
A dream of the land where the flowers play—
Colorado's own Columbine.

You may dream of the ivy that used to cling
O'er the door of your childhood home.
You may sing of the memory the roses bring,
Whenever your thoughts do roam.
But those who have seen the wondrous bloom
Of this land, of yours and mine,
Have discovered the weaver at nature's loom—
Colorado's own Columbine.

MOTHER

(Dedicated to Mrs. John McColeman, my wife's mother and a wonderful mother to me.)

I do not see you as you sit today,
Serene and calm and glorious in your grace.
I chose to picture you as years ago
When first I looked into your loving face.
They say you're growing old—it isn't true;
Your hair is silvered, but your heart is young.
Your face no artist yet can truly paint,
Your praise the poets still have left unsung.

Oh, Mother mine, they could not picture you
The way you looked to me so long ago;
They do not know you have not changed a whit,
And that your cheek has still the same old glow.
They say that you have changed in passing years;
Could they but see you as I saw last night,
When your baby boy, now grown to man's estate,
Had lost a battle in the world's hard fight

If they could see the tenderness I saw
And hear the soothing words so aptly given.
They'd know the sweeping changes of the age
Had changed you less than angels up in Heaven
The same soft, eager eyes looked into mine,
As when you dressed a shattered toe, or burn,
And softly kissed your little baby boy;
I felt the same caress, the same heart's yearn.

They cannot make me believe you're growing old;
They cannot picture you and never shall,
Unless they paint you as you really are—
To me, a mother, sweetheart and a pal.
You have not let me grow away from you,
And I'll not let them take from me the joy;
You are not growing old—it isn't true—
You're still my little mammy—I'm your boy.

A TREASURE SPOT

(Respectfully inscribed to M. A. Ellison, proprietor
of the Halfway Place in the Big Thompson canon,
Colorado.)

There's a little bit of Heaven
Mixed with the tinted sky,
Where clouds, just pause to kiss the hills,
And blush with glances shy,
As they gaze down on the river,
With its onward ceaseless run,
And its laughing, rippling waters
Touched with rays of setting sun.

There's a tiny little foot bridge,
That spans this mighty stream,
Where romance treads unchallenged,
With sentiment supreme.
This bridge was built by one who knows
The secret of the hills—
By one who's harked to nature's song
And drank in nature's thrills.

He can see in the brooding silence,
Of the mountain peaks at night,
The touch of a Master painter,
As the moon rims into sight,
He can read in the glow of morning,
In the flush of the evening tide,
The story the river whispers,
From the lips of its silvery tide.

He's the friend of the little flower
That grows by his mountain home,
He knows the moods of the birds that fly,
And the beasts that nightly roam.
He knows the favored little nooks,
And fishing yarns he'll spout—

But he knows just where to cast his fly
For the cautious Rainbow trout.

As fresh from the city's seething mass
On this little bridge I stand,
I know that this man has found real life
In this quiet, peaceful land.
As I watch the water rippling,
And I see the fish at play,
I know that God is mighty nigh,
And abides in the hills for aye.

SHUT YOUR EYES

If girlie deigns to bob her hair,
And likewise, ditto, skirt
It's naught for us to rave about
And it shouldn't really hurt
Because if girlie's going south
And we are really wise
We'll turn our face directly north
And also close our eyes.

There is no law against the girl
A cutting off her locks,
There is no law preventing her
From trimming off her frocks
There is no law to govern
The style and color hose
And there is no law to make us stare
Wherever girlie goes.

So why is all this raving
And why are all these shouts
The simplest thing for man to do
When ever he has doubts
About the girlie's wisdom
For giving style some spice—
Jest close yer eyes—and yet by heck,
We all admit she's nice.

ALL THAT I WANT

I'd like to go back to home, sweet home,
Wrote the lad to his lassie true,
But he did not see, or he did not know
That home was her eyes of blue,
And wherever they shined in the wide, wide world
Would be home to those who knew.

But I, who have traversed the wider sphere,
Can see, in two eyes of brown,
A call of love, and faith and hope
In desert waste or town;
With her winning smile, on a lonely isle,
She could turn to smiles, the frown.

And wherever my fitful fancy leads,
Or my wandering feet may stray,
There's always a face that smooths my path
And eyes that seem to say:
Go wandering pilgrim where you will,
I am yours both night and day.

I am yours in the lonely mountain pass;
I am yours on the city street;
I am yours in the battle, the grim of life,
Regardless of those I meet!
Does your heart give answer, oh, wandering one,
In the course of its worldly beat?

Yes, here is the answer of one who knows
No home but the tinted skies;
Yet knows that a home would be anywhere
'Neath the spell of those wonderous eyes;
In the city's crowded, bustling din
Or out where the mountains rise.

Others may dream of a gilded home
And talk of eyes of blue,

Or sing a song of a maiden fair;
With a heart, of course, that's true;
But give to me those eyes of brown—
For all that I want is you.

OUR OWN

The moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Wrote Poe of his Annabel Lee
And Kipling still sighs
For those wonderful eyes
Where the temple bells peal by the

But these are the cast
Of the dead buried past
And sorrow for days that are gone
So I'll sing of the time
When youth in its prime
Is dreaming on and on.

By the twilight glow
On the Thompson flow
The stars look kindly down
And the man in the moon
Hears the old, old croon
Of the youth of Loveland town.

Kipling may have his Burma girl
Who waits by the lazy sea
And the Poe of old
May treasure the gold
In the heart of his Annabel Lee
But give me the smiles
And the winning wiles
Of the girl that dreams of me.

OLD L. H. S.

(Inscribed to Loveland, Colo., High School.)

Whenever you see old "L. H. S."
In letters of shiny black,
Traced on a cherry pennant gay,
It sort of takes you back
To the olden days when you followed that flag
On the victory field at will,
And age doesn't seem to make you lag
For you follow the old rag still.

"L" is for love of the old home school,
The treasure of youthful dreams;
"H" for the hope and kindly rays
That has followed along life's streams;
"S" for the soul that was builded well
In the heart of that old time room,
Where only the brightness of life survived,
With none of its sordid gloom.

The old time building has given way
To a modern city school;
'Tis the way with life, as we travel on
We live by the same old rule—
Each must fill his proper niche,
And battle with all his might,
Then step aside in the passing years
For youth to take up the fight.

But time and age has not dimmed our love
For that same old pennant gay.
With its letters of black on a cherry field;
And we follow again today,
As the younger lads dash down the line,
And take it across the goal;
We give three cheers for the old home school—
With a memory, a heart and a soul.

BABY OF MINE

Two little eyes of baby blue,
Two little dimples fair,
Two little lips and a smile or two,
And a curl of golden hair.
This do I see as I sit alone
And dream of the days gone by,
Ere our babies left us, one by one,
And it causes my heart a sigh.

I've grown old with the fleeting years,
But my heart tonight is young,
As I brush aside the baby tears,
For the threads of memory's clung
To a heart that lives in the realm of dreams,
Where the voice of childhood's call,
And a baby's face, of Heavenly beams,
With God rules over all.

Two little shoes are tucked away,
Along with the baby toys,
And after the struggle and strife today,
When all of the earthly joys
Seem drifted and gone from an aching heart,
I take from their hiding place
The things that are ever of me a part,
And I dream of my baby's face.

Did I hear a rap on the parlor door,
Or has fancy played its part,
On the same old dream, dreamt o'er and o'er,
In the longings of my heart?
I rise to greet a grown-up lass,
And my heart has ceased to pain—
For God is kind in years that pass,
And baby is home again.

ROMANCE LAND

The same old moon is beaming
In the same soft, friendly sky,
And the same old stars are shining
Like the love light in her eye;
And the years roll ever onward
With a steady forward whirl,
But they can't blot out the memory
Of a little blue eyed girl.

'Tis years since first we wandered
O'er the youthful path of bliss;
When I told the old, old story
To a charming little miss;
And storms have strewn the pathway
With snows of winter's clime,
But springtime's ever in the soul
Of that old sweetheart of mine.

Down the silent, winding valley,
In the shades of fairy glen,
There is just enough of sunlight,
Where the robin and the wren
Sing their little springtime love song,
So we mortals understand
The world would grope in darkness
Were it not for romance land.

We know that we've been crowded
From that little shady dale;
With the boys and girls of yesterday
We wander up the trail;
And we leave this sacred bower
To more youthful eyes that shine;
But none will have such splendor
As that old sweetheart of mine.

THE OLD FARM

You may talk about the city,
 With its million lights aglow;
You may dream of trails that's pretty,
 Winding in the long ago;
You may sing about the mountains,
 And their changing shades of lights;
You may drink at nature's fountains,
 Whisper love in starlit nights.
But I know a homely little trail,
 That winds through pastures green;
That sort of makes my memory sail,
 To things you've never seen.

There's a tumbled down old school house
 Standing at the turnpike's end,
Where the swift-winged little prairie grouse
 It's living tokens send.
With its calling, calling, calling,
 To its trusty little mate;
Where the ivy vines in falling,
 Twine around the old farm gate.
Perhaps you've viewed this little scene,
 But there's one thing that I see,
Embedded in the landscape green,
 Belongs alone to me.

Two lips that whispered sweetly
 "My heart belongs to you;"
A checkered dress so neatly,
 Worn by a girl I knew.
Two big blue eyes a smiling,
 So tenderly in mine,
A manner so beguiling,
 In the days of Old Lang Syne,
Just enter in the gloaming
 To lend earth and sky a charm—
And ever in my roaming,
 Comes dreams of that old farm.

THE SCENT OF SAGE

The old time Yankee loves the scent
Of the stately pines of Maine;
The Magnolias of the Southland
Revives a dream again,
Of the man from dear old Dixie,
Who's longing to return
To the buds and blooms of homeland,
A balm for hearts that yearn.

The Golden Rod is nodding,
On Minnesota's field,
And the orange blossoms mingle
On California's shield;
The Wild Rose casts its fragrance
O'er North Dakota's strand,
And the cactus grows in lonely beds
Beside the Rio Grande.

Send out their yearning call
The flowers of every land and clime
To the exiled son who wanders,
But there's one rule over all.
It grows alone in the Westland,
On the vast expansive plain,
And once you drink its fragrance,
It calls you back again.

It isn't much for beauty,
But its scent just seems to cling
To the heart of the mighty Westland
In the friendly hours of spring.
T'is a harbinger of home sweet home,
As you ride toward the setting sun,
Where it seems that the mighty landscapes,
Are blended into one.

One heart, one soul, for you and me,
As we ride the range of old,
And see on the distant skyline,
The mountain peaks of gold.
Others may have their buds and flowers,
The dream of the poet's age,
But give to me the Western plain.
And the scent of its kindly sage.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why it is that I
Can't see in others' smiles
The same sweet dancing moonbeams,
The same sweet, charming guiles?
I wonder why your words just seem
To float upon the air;
And when God made your wondrous eyes,
He placed the diamonds there?

Why is it that when roses
From hidden nooks do peak,
Just seem to match in radiance
The glow upon your cheek?
Why is it when you sing to me
The song that others sing,
You bring to me the sweetest chimes,
The softest Angelus ring

I wonder why its springtime
Throughout the livelong year,
And the little birds sing sweeter
Whenever you are near?
Why is it that there's happiness
In everything you do?
I wonder if its just because—
Because that I love you?

ENOS A. MILLS

They carved for him a granite grave,
From out the recesses of nature's wonderland,
Where years ago the luring call of loneliness
Had whispered strains of hope to roving Indian
bands

He cared not for the glitter, or the falseness,
Of the artificial wealth within the world;
He understood the song the river sang,
The bold defiance the mountain lion hurled
A challenge to the human flood to come,
As the answering hills confirming echoes rang.

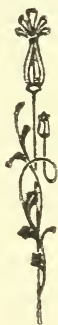
He asked so little from the world of men,
But deeply drank of nature's lasting charms;
He gave so much to those who understand
The soothing lullaby, the encircling arms
Of Mountains reaching lazily toward the sky;
Of canons, winding serpent-like thru towering
hills;

Of roaring cataracts a-thundering toward the sea.
Yet pausing long enough to kiss the little rills
That feed the parent streamlet, while it carries on,
And sings its song of joy to you and me.

The ghost like peaks in silence, guarded well,
For years, the dreams within the hermit soul
Of the inmate of that lonely mountain cabin,
Until one day this vision claimed its toll,
And worked upon the heart strings of this man,
And looking far ahead into the coming years,
He sought to share his fairy land with men—

And build within the vastness of this land a pe
To all the other play grounds in this favored land,
Where towering mountains guard the entrance
to the glen.

Unlike so many dreamers who have lost
Their battle for the future of the race,
He lived to see his fondest hopes fulfilled;
To see the throngs from every spot and place
Within the confines of this mighty land of ours,
Come journeying as pilgrims did of old;
Not seeking to pollute his land of dreams—
No fighting, struggling mass—just craving gold.
They builded well, who made his resting place,
Where the moon will always cast its kindlest
beams.



EDNA MAY

(Answering a request for some of our poems from
Edna May Harbidge, age 11, Loveland, Colorado.)

So you think you like my verses, Edna May,
And you'd like to have me send them out your
way;

I'm a curious sort of chap, and I wonder what in-
clines

A charming little maiden to peruse my humble
lines.

I have wandered on through every land and clime,
And smiles and tears are mingled with my rhyme;
But, throughout the bygone years and throughout
the livelong day,

There's been love, and buds, and happiness a
blooming in my way.

And listen, little girlie, Edna May,

Don't ever lose the sight of God's bright ray—
The clouds may rise at morn but they're not for very
long—

If our soul is full of sunshine and our heart is full
of song.

I like you're little sunny smile, your charming, win-
ning grace—

But, I know the tiny tear drop does sometimes
take its place;

But God is very kind to those, who wipe the tears
away—

And the angels smile in kindness, when you do
not let them stay.

I'm glad my songs have cheered you, Edna May,

And I'll always hope, and yes, I'll even pray—
That no matter what the future years may hold in
store for you,

You'll always face them with a smile, with a heart
that's ever true.

When you read my humble verse, that sadly
lacks in art,
Just remember they are written from the longings in
the heart,
Of one who hasn't always seen the gayest things
in life—
But who always comes up smiling after every bloody
strife.

LIFE

Life is a wonderful ballad and song,
A mixture of smiles and tears;
Sometimes the road seems weary and long,
As the months turn into years.
But always the clouds have a silver tint,
As they sail in the heavens above—
For God, in his wisdom, has kindly sent
To the heart. a wondrous love.

Love for the wonderful hills and dales;
Love for the mountain streams;
Love for the flowery little vales;
Love for the soft moon beams;
Love for the happy children's song;
Love for the morning dew;
Love for our country, staunch and strong—
And love, Sweetheart, for you.

Never a tear has fallen in life
But has had its counterpart,
In spite of the struggle, storm and strife
In the longings of the heart.
But always the sun breaks thru the clouds
And sends its rays anew—
In spite of the din and the noisy crowds,
I know of a love that's true.

MY THANKSGIVING

Some folks may thank Thee, Gracious Lord,
For power and fame and wealth,
But I'm thankful I'm not with the horde
And thank Thee for my health.
I thank Thee for the many things
That Thou hast made me see
Amongst the common things of life,
Where love just seems to be.

I'm thankful for my little home
So humble yet so sweet;
I'm thankful for the buds that grow
And blossom at my feet.
I'm thankful for a childish voice
That lisps a prayer each night
And leads me through the darkening shade
To God's Eternal light.

I'm thankful that You made me see
That life is good and kind;
I'm thankful that I ne'er forget
The friends I left behind,
And as I traveled onward,
The sun did always shine—
I'm thankful Lord, for all the things
You've done for me and mine.

Although I have no wealth to spend
As I travel on my way;
I'm thankful Lord, that You did send
A little flickering ray
Of sentiment within my soul,
To make my glad heart chime—
I thank Thee, Gracious Lord above
That I'm happy all the time.

GIRLIE MINE

(Dedicated to my little daughter, Ruth.)

I like to sit and watch her while she plays,
And sings her crooning lullaby to "Sue,"
Her much besmeared and grimy faded doll,
And whisper to it stories, old, yet new;
And as I gaze into her baby eyes
And realize she's grown from child to maid,
She takes me back to days 'neath other skies—
To Jesamine and buds and kindly shade.

Back to the time when first I trudged to school
Beside a little gingham aproned lass,
Who used to look to me to guide her right,
Yet always led me in the school room class.
And when I see her now in riper years
Just cuddling to her heart this baby mine,
I dread the day, as surely come it must,
When we will lose this little clinging vine.

For God has builded in the hearts of men,
And in the soul of womanhood, the flame
Reflected in the eyes of baby mine
As she whispers to her doll in mother's name.
I dread the day her Charming Prince shall come
And steal her heart away as years ago
I took her little mother from her home;
And yet I realize 'tis better so.

But come into my arms, oh, girlie mine,
Until I tell you fairy tales of old;
Your mother, dear, has dreamed so many dreams,
About your future years that's yet untold.
I know you're going to dwell within the scope
Of dreamland builded with our smile and tear,
And yet I hate to see you growing up,
For God, alone, knows how we'll miss you, dear.

BLOOM OF KILDARE

I know a house, on an old side street,
That is half-way tumbled down;
On the borderland where races meet,
In the nation's largest town.
It stands on the edge of an old spite lane,
Where the racial feuds and bands
First flicker, then burst to flame again,
Bred, in a foreign land.

It was there that I spent my boyhood days,
And I entered with vim in the fight;
Upholding the customs and various ways
Of our gang, which we believed was right.
How often I've drempt, in the years long past,
Of that silly old spite lane;
And somehow or other, my dream would last
'Til I wished I was there again.

There was Ikey from over in Palestine,
And Tony from Italy fair;
And Herman, that smacked of the River Rhine;
And My Blossom of old Kildare.
There were factions, and ructions and rows galore,
In those days of storm and strife;
But the years have softened their hearts—and more,
They have won in the battle of life.

And one, in the height of success, still dreams
Of the soft Italian skies;
And one of the Rhine and Palestine,
And the old time racial ties.
All have been placed in the melting pot
Of Columbia, the land of the free,
And yet, as they travel their daily lot,
Their childhood's home they see.

The dream of Italy's land of flowers
Comes back to that boy again;
And Ikey and Herman have dreamy hours
Of that silly old spite lane.
And all dream of this land so free,
That gave them its kindly share
And one dreams now—it occurs to me,
Of the blossom of Old Kildare.

THE RED RIBBON

Just a slip of a girl with saucy look,
A little red ribbon I swiped one day,
A little red school house that stood by the brook,
A relic of days that have faded away;
I wonder how kids in these modern days
Can have any fun, like we used to do,
But I guess that no matter how modern they get,
They play the old story, just worked over new.

The changing of years has wiped from that spot,
The tumbled down building we used for a school.
There rose in its stead a three-story brick,
With all the new trimmings of modern rule;
Even the brook as it rambles along,
Don't sing half as sweet as it used to for me,
And even that ribbon has faded a bit,
But there still is a vision in dreaming I see.

Eyes that have held me throughout the years,
In the mystic maze of their magic spell;
Cheeks with the bloom of the early morn,
And lips of which no poet can tell.
I dare not tell you the shade of her eyes,
Nor the marvelous beauty of her tangled hair,
Lest my own little wife should discover the thief,
Of the little red ribbon that she used to wear.

"VISIONS OF LIFE"

I know as the days roll onward,
And I fashion my string of years,
That this world is growing better,
In spite of the many tears
That I shed, as I trailed the highway—
While I trudged my weary route.
But I oftimes missed the byway,
Where the streams of sunshine spout.

As I search my heart for the answer
Of all the earthly woe,
I know that the truant dancer
Must pay for his passing show.
If I have failed in my rambles,
The things of joy to see,
In the midst of the world's wild shambles,
The fault lies all with me.

There's laughter in every ripple,
That scurries along the stream;
There's joy in each glorious tripple
As we drink in the moonlight beam;
There's a song on the wings of morning
A caress in the shades of night,
A touch of a soul's adorning,
By the promise in God's own light.

There's music in baby's laughter,
And a glow on the maiden's cheek,
And peace for those who after
A sorrow, will only seek
The solace of song and story,
In the midst of nature's glow,
Arrayed in its robes of glory—
A light in the hour of woe.

There's joy in youth's early hours;
There's peace in the autumn fair;
There's a tint of the rarest flowers,
In the silver of mother's hair.
She has woven our life in beauty,
As the blossoms that spring from the sod.
She has traced our path of duty,
Touched with a power from God.

THE POET

Some folks think a poet's a chap
Who goes to the mighty hills,
To dream, but honest folks, he's just a yap,
With the same old human thrills
He gets the same things out of life,
As you, but he writes it down.
He uses his pen for a pruning knife,
And he trims right here in town.

He works all day in a stuffy room,
Exactly the same as you—
He tries to forget the sordid gloom,
But is sometimes a wee bit blue.
Once in a while he brushes a tear,
That trickles down, as he writes—
Then someone comes with a word of cheer,
And it fashions his glorious nights.

The world is a fine old place to live,
For him, as well as for you—
If you're always willing, your heart to give
To the things that are good and true.
And life was made for us to use,
In the course of its daily run—
Thrice blessed is he, who's able to fuse
The smiles and tears in one.

THE FAIRY DIPPER

Did you ever hear the story
Of the dipper in the sky,
That's made of stars that shine so bright
Above the world so high?
One time when fairies used to dwell
Upon this world of ours,
A little Fairy Princess fair
Just grew amongst the flowers.

A bad old king that ruled the world,
Had asked her for to wed,
But she loved a dark-eyed stately Prince,
So she shook her pretty head.
This made the old king shake with rage,
And for many weary hours
He tortured both the dark-eyed Prince
And the little Maid of Flowers.

And then, at last an Angel song
Came drifting from above.
And carried both the Prince and Maid
Into the realm of love.
And as they left this cruel old earth,
And sailed high o'er the land,
The Fairy Wind nipped all the flowers
And made the desert sand.

The haughty king was buried deep,
Beneath the desert hot;
But all the little flowers were dead,
Save one forget-me-not.
And when the little Fairy Maid,
From her home up in the sky,
Saw this one lonely little flower,
She just began to cry.

And when her tear-drops reached the earth,
Imagine her surprise,

When a million little flowers sprang,
And looked up toward the skies.
So she placed the starry dipper there
And filled it with her tears,
To give the little flowers a drink
Throughout the passing years.

A NINETY NINER

Inscribed to W. H. Wright, Newspaper
Man, Poet and Good Scout

He has a bit of poetry
A tugging at his soul,
And a heart, just full of music
Reaching toward a future goal.
When a fellow's up against it,
And is sort of down and out,
He'd dig his last old penny,
Just to make the sunshine spout.

He may not rank one hundred,
In figuring life's percent;
But a better ninety niner
The Lord has never sent;
To slap a fellow on the back,
When you're feeling kind of blue.
He's just the kind of guy that counts,
When things ain't breaking true.

He has a heap of vision,
And he knows the game of life.
He has heard the song of nature
When the world with spring is rife.
He has tasted of the sunshine,
And the mighty westland's song—
Where time and fame will scroll his name
Where the best of them belong.

CANNING TIME

Did you ever pop home, from a busy day's work,
Then stand in the doorway appalled,
And figure, that some one has ruined your home
Or else, that the drayman has hauled

A carload, of something you can't figure out
And placed it right square in the room.

If you have, it is surely a one sided bet,
That the tarnal ol' can season's come.

We ain't, but we know who has!

Have you ever climed up in the crooked ol' tree,
And chased the elusive ol' plums,

And then have a branch a-break right in two,
While ol' mother earth, up she comes,

To meet you half way, with a sickening thud

While the blood. from your system does spurt,
Where branches have scratched you, an' wifey says:

Oh, Honey Dear, are you hurt?

We ain't, but we know who has!

Have you ever lugged parafine, jar tops, an' caps,
And worked till your body was sore,

And spent a week's wages, for sugar and such

With your wifey just hollerin' for more

While you silently cursed the first maddening Eve

Who invented this time of the year

While you washed all the dishes and 'tended the kids

And wifey, jest callin' you dear?

We ain't, but we know who has!

Have you ever sat down when the winter time comes

And the snow is a blowin' outside

While friend wife cooks chicken, an' all o' this stuff

And your heart it just bubbles with pride,

As you pull off the top, o' the jelly and jam

And tell how it surely pays,

To can and prepare, fer old winter time,

While ma smiles, 'cause she knows your ways?

We ain't, but we know who has!

THE DAYS OF '49

(Inspired by the Loveland Elks' celebration commemorating the days of '49, Thursday, November 16, 1922.)

Rough, uncouth, he staggered through the snow;
The hills had yielded well, their golden dust;
He swore a day would come when he would know,
Again the glow of wealth—and come it must.
Six times he made his fortune from the hills,
And filled his poke, and started down the trail—
And as he passed the little babbling rills,
He dreamed of her, who said he would not fail.

Six times he landed in the hell below
Amid the dance hall blare, and song and jest—
Six times he started once again to go
Back o'er the lonely trail, the same old quest.
For wine and women, song and boisterous laughter
The faro-bank, roulette and black jack game,
Had robbed him of his boyhood dream—and after
His dust was gone, he'd hit the road again.

For dreams of her would rise amid the lure,
Of all the filth and rottenness of life,
Depicted in the den of vice—and sure
He would not fail again, amid the strife.
He'd take his grubstake, and thru lonely hours,
He'd toil and grub amidst the wealth of earth—
And fail again, because of luring powers,
And yet, you know, he gave this land a birth.

'Twas thru his failures, as he staggered on,
That made the West a land for you and me.
Although he died in woe, his memory's gone
Down through the years, in him we see
The man who blazed for us the mighty trails—
The seventh time he enters, lights still shine—
His dust is gone, a shot rings out, he fails—
His tomb still marks the days of '49.

WINTERS OF LIFE

The quaking aspen's leaves are stripped
From the Rockies' jagged-side;
The winter's wind has rudely whipped
The green from valleys wide;
The melancholy days have come
For all, save those who see
The beauteous tints of nature's dome,
Just changed, for you and me.

How dull would be this life of ours,
If the sun would always shine;
How frail would be the woodland flowers;
How drab the stately pine—
If the god of nature did not change
The mantle which they wear—
If high above the mountain range,
The clouds ne'er floated there.

How little would we know of life,
If things were always bright;
It is only through the storms and strife,
Our souls are led to light.
There never was a budding flower,
To fade on winter's wing,
But bloomed again in freshening shower,
In the early hours of spring.

There never sank a soul so low,
In the snow of winter's time,
But has the power again to glow,
In God's own sunny clime.
I never knew a heart so true,
As one that throbbed in woe,
Then felt the thrill of life anew—
Because God made it so.

And after all, the trials we bear,
Are sweet in later years;
Just like the flowers in mountain air,
They're purged and cleansed with tears.
And one comes from the clouds above
In freshening April rain—
And one comes through the power of love—
That life may bloom again.

TO PIERCE EGAN

Poet and Journalist

With heart that beats for you and me,
And a friendship, oh! so rare—
Possessed of spirit and a soul
Like few mortals are;
Your book of verse, will treasured be—
I know its golden heart—
Treasured in its constancy,
With it I will not part.

—W. H. Wright.



FAREWELL, OH, RIVER

Roaring again in the distance,
Leaping through gorges steep,
Laughing and crashing and splashing,
Winding through canon deep—
Thus, will I hear and see you
Thus, will I dream of the day
That I spent by your mighty waters
In the glory of nature's array.

Oh, mighty, majestic river,
It is hard to say goodbye,
There is something so pleasingly charming,
There is even a smile in your sigh
As you plunge in your maddening fury
Through the hills with your weird chant,
Oh God, how I love your music,
And I want to stay here, but I can't.

The bright lights are luring and calling
Whispering me tales as of old
And crowds are a-streaming through Broadway
And Wall Street still fights for its gold;
The overhead trains tell the story
As they rush with their pitiless song
Of the mastery of man over nature
And again—there's that vast restless throng.

Listen, Oh wonderful river
I'll tell you why I must go;
It isn't the subway calling,
It isn't old Broadway's glow,
It isn't the din and the noise of men
That rush 'neath the spires above,
It is something God has woven in
With a lonely heart—it's love.

Eyes more bright than your starlit night,
She has lips more alluringly sweet,
A charm more enticing than fairy land,
Or the glare of the city street;
It isn't because I love you less
And it causes my heart a sigh,
But love is greater than your caress,
Farewell, old river! Goodbye!

BLOSSOMS

'Tis a wonderful thing in this wonderful world,
When you're striving and struggling to win,
To have someone you know, just pause as they go
To drop you a line now and then;
And tell you the ring, in the songs that you sing
Has cheered them along their way.
'Tis the kindest word that man ever heard,
And 'twill last in his memory for aye.

It is easy enough when you've scaled up the bluff
And stand at the top of the mound,
And hark to the din and the plaudits of men,
When the jewel of victory you've found;
But the sweetest of chimes just comes at the times,
When you're feeling down hearted and blue,
And some kindly soul just watching your goal,
Is hoping and praying for you.

There's nothing so sweet in life's busy street,
As a friend with a smile and a cheer;
There's nothing so grand as some kindly hand,
Just pushing when victory is near.
'Tis the last weary mile, after hours of toil,
That wears on our soul as we climb;
'Tis the hand of a friend that always has penned,
A name on the annals of time.

MY PUP

I wonder why it is that ma
 Don't know that you're the best,
Of all the things there is,
 When other folks, why even pa,
And Bill and all the rest,
 Just know that you're the bestest pup,
There is in this hul town.
Ma talks about the baby's eyes,
 Why they're a nasty brown.

Your eyes are just as blue and nice;
 Your fur is soft as silk;
You ain't no bigger than a minute,
 But you're sure a hound for milk.
Ma says you ruin everything,
 And tear up baby's clothes,
And pa, he kinda smiles and says:
 Ma's right you bet she knows.

Ma says she's goin' ter kill that pup,
 Or lose him some fine day,
An' some fine morn, when I wake up,
 My dog'll be gone away.
I know that she don't mean it though,
 -'Cause one day he got hurt,
An' ma, she cried, when she fixed his wound.
 And washed out all the dirt.

At night when everything is still,
 I sneak to the back door,
And whistle, not so very shrill—
 -'Cause I don't need no more.
The pup, he comes a scramblin' in,
 An piles right into bed—
An' he knows that I'm a frien' o' his,
 When I pat his little head.

I ONCE KNEW

I once knew a dreamer who dreamed!

I once knew a moonbeam that beamed!
But the dreamer was banned, by the millionaires
grand,

Because life was not what it seemed.
The world must have mansions of gold—
According to axioms of old—
They're not made of dreams, but practical gleams
Of money, so we are told.

I once knew a star, from afar,
That gleamed and gleamed, and gleamed!
I once knew a girl that dreamed,
And dreamed, and dreamed, and dreamed!
She was weighing her heart full well
Against love, and gold, which they tell,
Is better than faith, yet, it seemed
That love had cast its spell.

I once knew tears, in the years and years
That flowed and flowed, and flowed,
Prompted by fears, and fears, and fears;
And a love that glowed, and glowed
At last, came the gleams of her lover who
dreamed—
And the little moonbeam beamed
Its glints of light, in that happy night—
And the world is what it seemed



OUR CRITIC

A friendly critic dropped within
Our little office den
And said. "I sort of like your Rhymes,
But they don't appeal to men.
They're kind of soft and slushy—
Your sentimental song—
They're absolutely mushy,
To the he-man, big and strong."

We sort of sized this fellow up,
And knew he was sincere;
But wondered if he half forgot,
His own sweet, yesteryear.
Did he ever feel the soft caress
Of mother years ago?
Was he ever touched with her distress
When he packed his grip to go?

Did he ever walk in shady lanes
When flowers bloomed in June?
Did he ever tell the story old,
Beneath the soft, pale moon?
Did he ever feel a baby hand,
Just nestling into his?
Did he ever hear a baby lisp,
The greatest prayer there is?

If he did he'll sort of recollect,
When all is said, and done—
When every task is finished—
When every fight is won,
A great big love and sentiment,
Has traced his every mile—
And faith and hope and love, is life—
The only life worth while.



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